



TWEED SIDE.

WHAT beauties does FLORA disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon TWEED?
 Yet MARY's still sweeter than those;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor TWEED gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on TWEED,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does MARY not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 TWEED's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss;
 To relieve the pains of my breast,
 I would steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare,
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
 Shall I seek on sweet-winding TAY?
 Or the pleasanter banks of TWEED?

Tweed Side.

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Larghetto

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